

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 73. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1870.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

IN FIVE BOOKS.

### BOOK V.

#### CHAPTER XIII. ZILLAH'S RESOLUTION.

"MOTHER!" cried Hugh Lockwood, coming hastily into the little parlour in Gower-street, and taking his mother in his arms, "good news, mother! Let me see your dear face a little brighter than it has been this long time. There is good news for you, little mother, do you hear?"

"Good news for me? *That* can only mean good news for you, my son!" replied Zillah, unconsciously epitomising all her widowed life in the sentence.

"Of course, good for me, good for you, good for Maud. Darling Maud! Kiss me, mother."

Then he told her that Mr. Frost had that day informed him by letter that the sum of money borrowed from his late father—so the note was worded—plus the interest on the capital during the last twenty-five years, was lying at his disposal at Mr. Lovegrove's office in Bedford-square, and that on his personal application it would be handed over to him.

"Why, mother, it is more than I hoped to get out of the fire. Five per cent for twenty-five years! It will more than double the original sum!"

"Oh, thank God! My Hugh, my Hugh, what a weight of remorse is taken from my heart! And he has done well, after all, poor Sidney!"

"Done well? Not at all," said Hugh, whose sense of justice was not obfuscated by his joy as his mother's was. "Five per cent on the capital every year is the very least that could pretend to approach fair

dealing—and, in fact, nothing can make his conduct out to be fair. But he has done better than I expected; and I am very glad and thankful, and mean to think of nothing but the bright side of things, I assure you."

When Hugh went to receive his money, he perceived that the brass plate on the outer door, which usually stood open during office hours, had been removed, and a man was painting out the black letters on a drab ground on the door-post, which formed the words, "Messrs. Frost and Lovegrove, Solicitors." Hugh was shown into Mr. Lovegrove's office, and received by that gentleman in person.

"The last time we met in this office, Mr. Lockwood," said the lawyer, "your errand here was to repudiate a fortune. Now you come to receive—well, not a fortune, perhaps, but a sum of money that in my young days would have been looked upon as affording a very pretty start in life. I am glad of it, and wish you every success."

"Thank you heartily."

"You have—ahem!—you have Mr. Frost's acknowledgment for the money lent by your father, Mr. Lockwood?"

Hugh took from his pocket-book a yellow bit of paper with some words in Sidney Frost's bold, clear writing upon it. At one corner of the paper there was a green stain, and near it the impression of a thumb in red paint.

"Here it is, Mr. Lovegrove. My poor father must have been at work in his studio when that paper was written. It is marked with the traces of his calling."

"H'm!" said Mr. Lovegrove, examining the paper gravely. "A sadly informal document. Ha! well, here is the money, Mr. Lockwood. Will you be kind enough to count the notes in the presence of my

clerk? Just step here for a moment, if you please, Mr. Burgess."

"It is all quite right, sir," said Hugh, when this had been done. Then, when the clerk left the room, he said, with a slight hesitation, "I don't know how intimate your knowledge of Mr. Frost's private affairs may have been, but I cannot help entertaining an idea that I owe the recovery of this money mainly to your influence, Mr. Lovegrove."

"As to my knowledge of the state of Mr. Frost's private fortune, it is now, I may say, extremely intimate. But I have only quite recently learned the existence of this debt to you. And, Mr. Lockwood, I make no excuses for my partner. But I—I—I will confess to you that it hurts me to hear any one hard upon him. And there were certain palliations—certain palliations. His domestic relations were unfortunate. Upon my word, when I see the quantity of mischief that women are capable of causing, I feel thankful, positively most thankful, that they don't exercise their power more ruthlessly than they do!"

Hugh smiled. "You have had a happy experience of the sex yourself, sir," said he.

"Why, yes. My mother was an excellent woman, and my wife is an excellent woman, and my girls are good, sound-hearted girls as you'll find any where, thank God! And I most firmly believe, Mr. Lockwood, that the young lady whom you are about to marry is an ornament to her sex. You love her and respect her very much now, I have not the least doubt. But, take my word for it, that you will love her and respect her more when she has been your wife some dozen years! Oh, of course, that seems impossible! Yes, yes, I know. I suppose you will be married very soon now?"

"As soon as possible!" said Hugh, with much energy. "Oh, by-the-bye, Mr. Lovegrove, I see they are painting out the name of the firm on your door-post. Are you going to make any change in the style and title of it?"

"Yes; a considerable change. Mr. Frost retires from the business altogether—the deeds were signed this morning—and the firm will henceforth be known as Lovegrove and Lovegrove."

Mr. Lovegrove proceeded to narrate as briefly as might be the misfortunes that had, as he said, determined Mr. Frost to give up business—so much, that is, of his misfortunes as must inevitably become matter of public notoriety. He spared his old

partner as much as possible in the narrative. But he did not by any means spare his old partner's wife, to whom indeed he was inclined to attribute everything that had gone ill, even to the total smash and failure of the Parthenope Embellishment Company, which had become matter of public notoriety within the last week.

Hugh was much shocked. And his good opinion of Mr. Lovegrove was greatly enhanced by the feeling he evinced for his old friend.

"He is really a most superior man, Mr. Lockwood. I don't know a more superior man than Sidney Frost is—or *was*—was, alas! He is a wreck now, sir. You wouldn't know him. I want to send him off to Cannes or Nice, or some of those places for the winter. He has given up everything most honourably to his creditors, and they have not behaved badly. They understood to a man whose door to lay the extravagance at. Anything like that woman——! However, it is unavailing to dilate upon *that*. But when all is done there will be a small—a small annuity remaining, which will suffice to maintain Frost in comfort in some of those southern places. Ah, bless my soul, *what* a superior man he was when I first knew him!"

Mr. Lovegrove did not say that the "small annuity" was to come entirely out of his own pocket, and that its amount caused him sundry twinges of conscience when he looked at his wife and children.

"Well, Mr. Lovegrove, I hope that one of the first transactions of the new firm will be to draw up my marriage settlement. And I shall ask you to continue to look after Maud's interests. Perhaps Captain Sheardown will be the other trustee?"

"I shall be delighted. You intend to have Miss Desmond's little bit of money settled entirely on herself?"

"To be sure I do! I won't detain you any longer. Your time is precious, and I suppose you can guess in which direction my steps are to be bent. I long to see Maudie's face flush and brighten when I tell her my news. Good-bye."

Maud's face did flush and brighten in a manner which may be supposed to have been entirely satisfactory to her lover. But it also expressed much pity for Mr. Frost when she heard his story.

Hugh merely informed her that Mr. Frost had at length paid an old debt that had been due to his (Hugh's) father; and that having entertained but slender hopes of ever receiving the money, he had deemed

it best to say nothing about it to her, lest she might suffer disappointment.

"Oh, poor, poor man! How dreadful to be deserted by his own wife! The very one person in all the world he might have hoped to rely on for comfort and sympathy in his troubles. I have seen her. She is a very beautiful woman. But, oh how cruel and heartless she must be!"

"Let it be a warning to you not to suffer your affections to be engrossed by millinery, and to keep your husband in the first place in your heart, Mrs. Hugh Lockwood!"

The Sheardowns were scarcely less delighted than Hugh himself. The captain insisted that the wedding should take place from Lowater House.

"But ought I not—don't you think—what will Uncle Charles say?" Maud asked, hesitatingly.

"Do you think, my dearest, that your guardian will be hurt if you are not married from his roof?"

"I—I'm afraid so," said Maud.

"Well, I will write and ask his permission to let it be from Lowater," said the captain.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Sheardown, thoughtfully, "it would be best, after all, for Maud to be married in London, if she will, and go down to Shipley after the ceremony. Would you consent to that, Maudie?"

Maud thought she would consent to that.

If all had gone differently, she would have liked to be married in the ancient village church that she had worshipped in from childhood. But now there would be too many painful associations connected with St. Gildas! She would miss Veronica's face beaming out from its accustomed corner; she would miss Veronica's voice in the bridal hymn of the choir. It would call up in the vicar's mind all that was sad and terrible in his daughter's fate. No: it would be better to be married in town. And, after all, it mattered very little to herself. Hugh would be there. Hugh would take care of her. Hugh would love her. Could anything matter very much as long as she had Hugh? Mrs. Sheardown took an opportunity of drawing Hugh aside, and explaining to him her reasons for thinking that the vicar of Shipley-in-the-Wold would be rather relieved than offended by getting rid of the spectacle of his ward's wedding. Meanwhile there was much to be done. A letter had to be written to the architect whose business Hugh intended to purchase. A

friend in the neighbourhood of Danecester was to be commissioned to look out for a house for the young couple. The house must have a garden, at any rate, and, if possible, a little stable for a pony and pony-carriage, which Hugh intended to purchase for the use of his wife. Though this latter desideratum, he observed smilingly, he could build for himself, if need were. And there must be a cottage found in the neighbourhood for Mrs. Lockwood.

But when he spoke of this to his mother, she met him with a request that he would leave that part of his arrangements which concerned her in abeyance for awhile.

"But, mother, why? Surely you mean to live near us, don't you?"

"Perhaps not, Hugh. Don't ask me any more at present. I may have something to tell you by-and-bye. You need not look uneasy. It is nothing terrible. I will not deceive you—*again*."

At the end of a fortnight, and when the day fixed for the wedding was near at hand, Zillah Lockwood made the confidence she had announced to her son.

"Hugh," said she, "I have become a Roman Catholic."

"A Roman Catholic! Mother!"

"Yes: I humbly hope to find peace and forgiveness in the bosom of the Church. I shall at least be able to make some expiation, and to pray for those whom I love. Rome does not reject the humble, pious efforts after goodness of the faithful, as your stern Calvinistic creed does. I always, when I was a girl in Paris, had a great admiration for the good religieuses, and was attracted by them. The seed of their blessed example has borne fruit in my soul. The price of this house, which your father bequeathed to me, will suffice to gain me admission into a poor order whose members devote themselves to the sick poor. On the day of your marriage I shall become a member—an unworthy and humble member—of a pious sisterhood in Belgium. The good priest, who has been enlightening my dark mind with the comfortable truths of religion, will make all the necessary arrangements for me. I shall pray fervently for you, my son, and for your sweet young wife. And all I ask of you, Hugh, is to make me one promise. If ever you feel your heart drawn towards the ancient and holy Mother Church, do not resist the impulse. It may be that it comes from Heaven, in answer to the petitions of the earthly mother who bore you."

Nor could any expostulations or entrea-

ties shake Zillah's determination. Hugh was greatly distressed by it. But wise, kind Nelly Sheardown consoled and comforted him.

"My dear Hugh," she said, "your mother will be happier in following this life than in any other which you could give her. I do not know Mrs. Lockwood's history; but she gives me the idea of a woman who has suffered much, and who is continually tormented by the contentions of pride with a very singularly sensitive conscience."

"You describe my mother with wonderful accuracy. How could you learn to know her so well?"

"Well, you know, Maud has talked to me of her much. Maud is as clear as crystal, and the impression she received of your mother she faithfully transmitted to me. Your mother has been accustomed to reign paramount in your affections; when you are married, that could, of course, no longer be the case. Indeed, it has already ceased to be the case. Mrs. Lockwood, in living near you, would be continually tormented by a proud jealousy of Maud's influence over you; and equally tormented by a conscientious sense of the wrongness of such a feeling. In her convent, in her care of the sick, and her devotion to good works, she will feel that her life is not useless and wasted, and that if even only by her prayers, still by her prayers she may serve you and yours."

So Zillah had her way without further opposition, and her two children, as she called them, were surprised by the air of serenity and cheerfulness which had succeeded to her old repressed look: the expression of one who had indeed resolved to be calm, but who paid a heavy price for the carrying out of her resolution. But the chief secret of this change in her was, that her new creed recommended itself to her notion of justice, always throughout her life unsatisfied. According to this creed her sufferings would count in her favour. Every prayer, every privation, every penance, would be registered to her credit in the records of the Great Tribunal. She would suffer perhaps; but she would not at least suffer in vain. And this thought conciliated Zillah's rebellious soul with the decrees of Providence, and in it her weary spirit found peace.

#### CHAPTER XIV. THE LAST PLANK.

VERONICA was more wretched than she had ever yet been after the scene in which Cesare asserted his masterhood over her

and her fortune. She had fancied a week before that she could hardly be more unhappy than she then was. But she was doomed to taste a yet bitterer cup. It was bitter, with a bitterness at which her soul shuddered to see herself so treated by one who had been the slave of her caprices, and had sworn that he loved her better than his own life. Men were all tyrants; all base, and fickle, and cruel. All, all, all—No, stay! Did she not know one man who was none of these things? One obscure, humble man whom she had disdained and derided in her old happy days. Happy days? Oh yes, how happy, how heavenly, in comparison with these! And she had been discontented and complaining then? How could it have been? She must have been mad. Why had no one taught her, warned her, helped her? Oh, if the past could but come back!

"Come back, come back, come back!" she cried aloud, with outstretched arms; and then crouched down sobbing and wailing in her misery.

The thought of Mr. Plew, however, came to strengthen an idea that had been vaguely floating in her mind. What if she could be separated from Cesare! She would give him half her fortune—Give him! Had he not said himself that all she had was his? No; she could give him nothing. But might he not consent to some arrangement being made? She did not love him now. She detested him, and she feared him. It was dreadful so to fear one with whom one lived one's daily life! She could not appeal to her father. He would do nothing. He would reproach her, and would not help her. She doubted even if he could. He seemed to have lost all energy. But Mr. Plew! Perhaps! She would write to Mr. Plew. When she had half finished her letter, she remembered that his mother was recently dead, and that he, too, must be in affliction. She tried to say some word of condolence. But it was flat and unmeaning. She could think of no grief, she could feel no sorrow save her own. Would the fact of his mother's death prevent his attending to her letter? No; surely not. It might even leave him freer to serve her. In any case she must send the letter. It was her last chance. Three days elapsed, and no answer came. She had reckoned that she might receive an answer on the afternoon of the third day. When the time passed, and brought no reply, her heart sank woefully.



"Has he forgotten me?" she thought, and clasped her hands together until her sharp rings drew blood from the soft flesh.

But that night—it was nine o'clock, Cesare was absent, as he was most evenings except when he had company at home, and Veronica, declining to accompany him, was at home in solitude—that same night there came a gentle ring at the bell, and the servant who answered it presently came up-stairs with an insolent, half-suppressed smile of amusement on his face, and announced "Mr. Plew." Veronica by a great effort sat still on her accustomed sofa until the man had disappeared, but no sooner had he closed the door than she rushed to the little surgeon, and almost threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, God bless you for coming! I was fretting that you did not write, but it is better—how much better—that you have come yourself! I did not dare to hope that!"

The tears gathered in his eyes. That she should be so overjoyed to see *him!* The fact, thought Mr. Plew in his unselfishness and humility, was more eloquent than words to express the utterness of her desolation.

"Yes, Princess——"

"Call me Veronica."

"Yes, Veronica. I came, because I could speak to you better than I could write. And I have much to say."

He looked very pale and woe-begone in his black clothes.

"I was sorry to hear of your loss," she said, glancing at his mourning garments.

"Ah, my poor mother! She did not suffer much. And I—I did what I could to make her life happy."

"You have only just arrived. You must want food. Let me get you something."

"I do not feel as though I wanted food, but on principle, and to set you a good example, I will try to eat something. It is not well to fast too long. And if I am knocked up, I can't do any good."

Veronica gave her orders. There was a difficulty in executing them. Wine there was, certainly, of various kinds; but as to supper, Madame la Princesse did not usually take supper. They did not know; they could not say that there was anything provided!

"Get some supper, immediately," said Veronica, imperiously.

Her command was literally obeyed. A nondescript subordinate who served the servants was despatched to buy some

cooked meat. It was sent up on a porcelain dish, flanked by two flasks of rare wine, and served with fine damask, and silver brave with the showy crest of the Barlettis. The village surgeon began to perceive that homely comfort and hospitable abundance did not always belong to the mansions of princes. In short, that things meant for human governance had an obstinate habit of declining to "govern themselves"!

"I'm afraid I have given you a good deal of trouble," said Mr. Plew, meekly.

"You see what kind of a banquet it is I am able to set before you," said Veronica. And she added, with a bitter laugh: "When I used to come to your cottage, and have tea with your mother, she was able to give me abundance of sweet, wholesome, appetising food. But she was a poor widow in a country village. I am a princess with a grand retinue! However, here is something that the cottage could not furnish. This is good." And she rapidly poured out two goblets full of foaming wine, and drank nearly the whole contents of one at a draught. Mr. Plew laid down his knife and fork, aghast.

"Take care, Veronica! That is a dangerous experiment! You have tasted no food, I'll be sworn, since dinner. And perhaps you ate but little at dinner? Am I not right?"

"Quite right. I never eat now. I hate eating."

"Good Heaven!"

"Well—not quite *never!* Don't look so. You make me laugh, in spite of everything, to see your horror-stricken face!"

But Mr. Plew showed no symptoms of joining in the laugh. Timid and self-distrustful in most things—on his own ground, in matters pertaining to his profession he could be strong, and decided, and resolute enough. What had contributed to make him so had been that his practice lay neither among educated persons who could in some measure be trusted to understand their own maladies, nor amongst idle, fanciful, imaginary invalids, who took to being "delicate" by way of amusement, and found life uninteresting until they could succeed in persuading themselves that they ran some risk of losing it; but among the lowest ranks of the ignorant poor, who had to be cured in spite of themselves.

"You don't know what you are doing," said Mr. Plew, gravely; and, without the least ceremony, he took the flask away from

the neighbourhood of Veronica's hand, and placed it near his own.

"Ha, mio povero Plew," she said, nodding her head at him, "you little know! This will have no effect upon me. I am past that."

"What do you mean, Veronica?" he said, sharply and sternly. "If you are joking, the joke is a very bad one. I think you are talking without rightly weighing the meaning of what you say."

"Ah, per Bacco, it is likely enough. I often do! But come, you don't eat—and you don't drink! Won't you try this wine? It isn't bad."

"What is it? I am not used to these costly vintages. I think I never tasted that kind of wine in my life before."

"That which I poured out is sparkling Moselle. The other is Hock. Which are you for?"

"Well—a little of this, I think," said Mr. Plew, filling a small wine-glass full of Hock.

"Oh misericordia, don't pour the Hock into that thimble! The bigger glass—the green glass—is meant for the Hock!"

"Thank you, this will do," said Mr. Plew, sipping the wine gravely. "That effervescent stuff I should take to be very heating and unwholesome."

Veronica leaned back on her sofa cushions and looked at him. He was small, common-looking, ill-dressed, unpolished. His boots were clumsy, his hands coarse and ungloved. She saw all this as keenly as she had ever seen it. But she saw also that he was good, and generous, and devoted. The only human being, she told herself, who was true to her—the only one!

"I am so thankful you are come!" she exclaimed. The words broke from her almost involuntarily. Mr. Plew pushed his plate aside. In spite of what he had said, he had scarcely touched the food they had set before him. Then he drew his chair so as to front her sofa, and sat with his knees a little apart, his body leaning forward, his elbows resting on his knees, and his hands loosely clasped together. It was a familiar attitude of his. Veronica had seen him sitting thus a hundred times in the vicarage parlour, listening to her father, and looking at herself.

"Now," said he, "let us talk seriously."

"You must not oppose my wish! You must not! I tell you I cannot go on living this life. I must part from Cesare. He will not care! Why should he? He has the money!"

As he now saw her, looking at her intently, and marking her face, her voice, her attitude, he perceived that she was greatly and deplorably changed. It cut him to the heart to see it.

"Before we speak of that, Veronica, I had best tell you something which I have it in charge to tell you."

"In charge to tell me? It is not about yourself then?" An unreasonable suspicion flashed through her mind that he was going to tell her he was married—or betrothed. She forgot how unlikely his very presence there rendered such a suspicion: she forgot his mother's recent death. She only thought, "I shall lose him! He will slip through my fingers!"

Poor, wasted, fevered, clinging fingers, grasping with desperate selfishness at the kind, true hand which offered the only touch of sympathy, the only chance of safety that remained to her!

"No: it is not about myself. It is news that you will, I am afraid, be vexed to hear. Your father—is married."

"Married!"

"I feared it would be disagreeable to you."

"Married! But when? Whom has he married?"

"He was married the day before yesterday to Farmer Meggitt's youngest daughter."

"Cissy Meggitt! Cissy Meggitt! It is impossible! Why, in the first place, Cissy is a child."

"She is very young certainly, for the vicar. But she is not exactly a child. She is turned seventeen."

"My father married to Cissy Meggitt!"

Veronica repeated the words as though they were unintelligible to her.

"You must not let it afflict you too much. I am sorry for it, I confess. But you must hope for the best."

She remained silent and thoughtful for a few minutes, idly plucking at the lace around her sleeve.

"No," she said, at length. "I need not be afflicted. I don't know that it makes very much difference. In any case my father would not have been likely to do much to help me."

"Perhaps not. But I was not contemplating the event from that point of view. I was thinking, when I said I was sorry—of him," answered Mr. Plew, gently.

"Ah, yes—yes—very true—of him. I suppose he will—it will be a bad thing for papa."

Mr. Plew had dreaded an explosion of wrath and mortification on Veronica's part when she should learn her father's marriage. He knew her pride, her social ambition, her notion of her father's superiority by birth and breeding to most of those with whom he was brought into contact at Shipley. Even at Shipley the vicar's marriage was looked upon as a terrible mésalliance. Everybody was offended and disgusted: the gentry, that the vicar should have stooped so low; the farmers, that Cissy Meggitt should have been raised so high. Mrs. Sack made it a text for justifying her secession from orthodoxy, and for prophesying the speedy downfall of the Establishment. The men wondered what could have bewitched rosy-cheeked Cissy Meggitt, a well-grown lass, as might have had her pick in the county, to go and tie herself up to an old man like that, and him as poor as a rat into the bargain. The women pitied the vicar, that they did. He was a fool, well and good, that they didn't gainsay. But Mrs. Meggitt's artfulness passed everything. She'd wheedled the vicar till he didn't know which end of him was uppermost. They had thought it wouldn't never come to good, having a governess, and learning to play on the pianny. And now you saw, didn't you? If the height (a mysterious and oft-reiterated charge) of Mrs. Meggitt had been unbearable before, what did you suppose it 'ud be now? Though what there was to boast on, they couldn't tell. Cissy wasn't a lady, and wouldn't never be made into one, not if she married fifty vicars!

Mr. Plew had been sent for by the vicar on the evening before the wedding, and had had a painful scene with him. Mr. Levincourt oscillated between haughty declarations that he owed an account of his conduct to no man, and that he fully believed the step he was taking would be entirely for his happiness, and peevish lamentations over the misconduct of his daughter, who had left his home desolate and disgraced, and thus driven him to find sympathy and companionship where he could.

"Have you informed Ve—the Princess Barletti, sir?" asked Mr. Plew.

"Informed her! No, sir, I have not informed her. I am not bound to ask my daughter's permission to take what step I please. She deserves no confidence from me—none whatever!"

But presently it appeared that the vicar

very much desired that Mr. Plew should take upon himself the task of communicating the news to Veronica.

"I promised to write to you," said Mr. Plew, finishing his recital, in which he had softened all the points that were likeliest to give her pain. "But then came your letter, and I—I made up my mind to come. Mr. Brown, of Shipley Magna, promised to look after my patients for a day or two. And there is no one else to miss me."

"Then," said Veronica, raising her eyes, and coming out of a black reverie in which Mr. Plew's words had but faintly reached her consciousness, "I am quite alone in the world now!"

"Don't say that! Don't say that, Veronica! Your husband——"

"My husband!"

The accent with which she uttered the words was so heartbreaking in its utter hopeless bitterness, that Mr. Plew was silent for a moment. What could he oppose to that despair? But he presently made a brave effort to speak again.

"Yes, Veronica, your husband! If I cared less for you I should not have the courage to oppose you. But I *must* tell you, I *must* urge you to consider well that your husband is your natural friend and protector. No one can come between you and him. It cannot be that reconciliation is hopeless. You are both young. He loves you. He seemed gentle and——"

She burst out into a storm of passionate tears.

"Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do? No one will believe me! no one will understand! Did you read my letter? I ask, did you read it? Gentle! yes, he is very gentle! Oh, very, very gentle! As velvet-footed as a tiger-cat! Would you like to see the mark of his claws?"

With a sudden fierce movement she tore open the long lace sleeve that she wore, and bared her arm to the shoulder. There were on the white, tender flesh two livid marks made by the brutal pressure of a clasping hand.

"Good God! you did not say—you did not tell me that he struck you!"

Mr. Plew's white face grew livid, and then turned crimson. He clenched his hand involuntarily.

"Oh no! He did not strike me! He merely held me down in my chair with gentle violence, endeavouring to make me promise to receive a woman whom he desired to invite, and who had openly insulted me. I cried out with the pain, but

I would not promise. I said he might kill me first."

"Oh, my good Heavens, this is dreadful!"

"I should not have escaped so easily—and perhaps I might have given way, for he hurt me, and I dread pain, I never could bear pain—and—and I am afraid of him. Oh, you don't know what deadly fear I am in sometimes! But a servant came into the room by chance, and I ran away and locked myself up."

"But—but he was sorry—he asked your pardon—what a damned cowardly brute the fellow must be!" cried Mr. Plew, suddenly breaking down in his efforts to preach patience to Veronica.

"When I showed him the marks next day, he said I had provoked him by my obstinacy, and that if I had had an English husband he would have beaten me within an inch of my life for my disobedience."

Mr. Plew got up and walked about the room, wiping his hot forehead with his handkerchief.

Presently he came back to the sofa. His eyes were full of tears. He took her hand in one of his, and placed his other hand on her head.

"Poor child!" he said. "Poor, unhappy child! Veronica, I would lay down my life to bring you comfort."

As he so stood looking at her with a tender compassion that was almost sublime in its purity from any alloy of self, the door was opened quickly and quietly, and Cesare de' Barletti stood in the room.

### THE INTELLIGENCE OF PLANTS.

MAN in the pride of his reason, which is by no means unerring, has long been accustomed to deny the possession of the same faculty to all inferior animals. He has, however, been graciously pleased to allow that these animals possess something else, which he calls instinct. This answers almost as well as reason for guiding them to the happiness and maintenance of their lives and the propagation of their species. Whatever be the exact difference between reason and instinct (which has been rather a puzzling matter for philosophers in all ages), and however much or however little of either faculty may be possessed by men and animals, be the latter large as elephants, eagles, and whales, or small as mice, butterflies, or animalculæ, man clearly admits that these creatures have a certain degree

of intelligence which is useful to them. He will not, however, admit this to be true in the case of plants and vegetables, whether as regards reason, instinct, or any minor degree of intelligence. The great naturalist, Linneus, although he was the first to declare that plants and flowers, as well as animals, are male and female—a discovery which one would suppose might have led him to acknowledge sensation, if not intelligence, in these living beings—says, in defining the differences between the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms: "Minerals grow; vegetables grow and live; animals live, grow, and *feel*." In other words, he asserts that the members of the vegetable world do not "*feel*." Another and more recent definition sets forth that "a plant is an organised being, unconscious of its own existence, fed by inorganic substances which it extracts from air or water, according to laws independent of the formulæ of organic chemistry, by the help of a faculty dependent on vital force." Are these ideas just, and these definitions correct? I think not, and have been led by observation to believe that plants are conscious of their own existence; and that they are endowed, not only with feeling or sensation, but with intelligence in such degree as is sufficient to make life pleasant to them, and enable them to take proper measures for its preservation.

If the oyster fastened on the rock can feel, why not the rose or the convolvulus, or the great oak tree that is fast rooted in the ground? Of the glow of the sunshine, or the freshness of the rain and the air, are they not pleased recipients? Who can tell? Or who shall deny, and give good reason for his incredulity? Who, however learned he may be, can decide where animal life ends, and where vegetable life begins? What, for instance, is a sponge? And if, as Linneus says, plants have no feeling, what makes the mimosa, or sensitive plant, shrink so timidly from the slightest touch, and apparently with such pain or terror from a ruder blow? Whether I am scientifically and philosophically right or wrong, I take a pleasure in believing that

To everything that lives,  
The kind Creator gives  
Share of enjoyment:

and that the possession of life, in however infinitesimal a degree, presupposes in its possessor, whether animal or vegetable, a faculty of sensation that administers to its happiness, and that may consequently administer to its suffering. For, pleasure and



pain are twins, and the one is not attainable without liability to the other. The idea is not new to poetry, though not accepted by science. It blooms and sparkles in the graceful mythology of Greece, and the somewhat less graceful mythology of Rome; as all who remember the Dryads and Hamadryads; the loves of Apollo for Laura, Daphne, and Acantha; or who at school or college have pored over the metaphors of Ovid; will readily admit. The Oriental poets of India and Persia delighted to animate the flowers and trees, and, according to Hafiz, the rose appreciates the tender melodies of her lover the nightingale. Greek superstition endowed the atropa mandragora with all the sensations of an animal, and believed that it shrieked with pain when its roots were wrested from the ground.

Science may laugh at all such notions, but Science, though a very great and learned lady, does not yet know everything. Her elder sister, Poetry, often sees further and deeper into things than she does. Did not Shakespeare, in the *Tempest*, foreshadow the possibility of the electric telegraph more than two hundred years before Wheatstone? Did not Dr. Erasmus Darwin, long in advance of James Watt and Robert Stephenson, predict the steamship and the locomotive engine? Did not Coleridge, in the *Ancient Mariner*, explain the *modus operandi* of the then unsuspected atmospheric railway?

On the question of the intelligence of plants, my convictions as well as my sympathies go with the poets rather than with the scientific men. I know that the trees and the flowers, inasmuch as they live, are my fellow-creatures, and are the children of the same God as myself. Like myself, they may be endowed with the faculty, though possibly in a much fainter degree than mine, of enjoying the world in which His love and goodness have placed both them and me. They breathe, they perspire, they sleep, they feed themselves, and may be over-fed; they are male and female. If science admits all these facts, how can it logically stop short at such a definition as that of Linneus, and deny them sensation? Darwin, in his philosophical poem, the *Botanic Garden* (not much read in the present day), fancifully describes the loves of the flowers, and imagines, not perhaps wrongly, that love-making may be as agreeable to them as it is to higher organisations:

What beaux and beauties crowd the gaudy groves,  
And woo and win their vegetable loves!

Here snowdrops cold and blue-eyed harebells blend  
Their tender tears as o'er the stream they bend;  
The love-sick violet and the primrose pale  
Bow their sweet heads, and whisper to the gale;  
With secret sighs, the virgin lily droops,  
And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups;  
And the young rose, in beauty's damask pride,  
Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;  
With honey lips, enamoured woodbines meet,  
Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet.

This may be thought an idle dream, unworthy of serious, or, more especially, of scientific, consideration; while some very matter-of-fact person may ask, how there can be sensation without senses. It is true that flowers have no organs of sight, or hearing, or taste, or smell, which man can discover; but they may, nevertheless, possess a very delicate sense of touch. And how much intelligence may display itself, without any other sense than this, is known to every one who has read the remarkable story of Laura Bridgeman. When she was four years old, this unhappy person, after a long illness, was discovered to have lost her eyes, her ears, her palate; every door of the inner spirit leading to the outer world of life and humanity, save the one door of touch. But through that door, by the patient sagacity and untiring kindness of Dr. Howe, of Boston, Massachusetts, the resident physician of the Blind Asylum to which she was consigned as a patient of whom there was no hope, she was enabled to communicate her wants, her wishes, her hopes, and her ideas, to her fellow-creatures, and to share in the knowledge and civilisation of her time. Though she can neither see nor hear, nor articulate, she can talk with her hand, and she can receive responses through the same medium, and she can write. Though the great world of sound and the joyous world of music are as alien to her as invisible planets on the uttermost verge of sidereal space, yet, by means of the one sense mercifully left her she is able to distinguish her friends and acquaintances the one from the other, and to enjoy music, by means of the vibration through her sensitive and delicate nerves, of the rhythmic pulsations of the air caused by the great organ in the hall of the asylum. These throb through her whole body, giving her a palpable pleasure, possibly as great to her as that which more fortunate persons can derive from the sense of hearing. "Little chinks let in much light," says the ancient proverb; and through the one little chink of feeling, touch, or sensation, the intelligence of Laura Bridgeman can both act and be acted upon. And if it be granted that the

trees, the plants, and the flowers, possess this one sense—and who can prove that they do not?—may we not reasonably suppose that some degree of intelligence and capacity for pleasure and pain go along with it?

Being a systematic man, though a very busy one, I always find that I have time to spare for my amusement. I also find that my amusement often assumes the shape of a new variety of work. In this manner I have become a student of natural history; and whenever I walk in my garden, through the green lanes and country roads, over the meadow path, or through the woods of England, or up the bens and down the glens of Scotland, I always discover something to interest me in the phenomena of Nature, animate and inanimate. I have educated my eyes as well as my mind, in remembrance of the sage maxim, "that in every object there is inexhaustible meaning; and that the eye always sees what the eye brings means of seeing." Last summer in my garden, I made the acquaintance of a very respectable, and as I found reason to believe, a very intelligent plant, and studied its growth and its movements during two or three weeks. The plant was *Cucurbita ovifera*, known to market gardeners, cooks, and housekeepers, as the vegetable marrow. This, like all of its genus, will creep along the ground if it find nothing up which it can climb; but if there be a tree, a branch, a pole, or a wall, within easy reach, it will infallibly make its way to it, and twine its tendrils round the most available points of support. The vegetable marrow, like the vine, the hop, the briony, and all other varieties of the genus *vitis*—to use the words of Barry Cornwall, applied to her more renowned sister the grape vine:

A roamer is she  
O'er wall and tree,  
And sometimes very good company.

I noticed that this particular plant extended its tendrils—let me call them for the nonce its hands and fingers—outward, and away from the trunk of a hazel, and from a box-hedge of about seven feet high, and towards a gravel path. It persevered in extending itself in this direction for three days, after I first began to take notice of it; but on the fourth morning I perceived that it had changed the course which its tendrils were pursuing, and had turned them in the contrary direction towards the box-hedge. In two days more, it had securely fastened itself to the hedge with its vagrant tendrils,

and put forth new shoots a short distance higher up, with which also in due time it enveloped the supporting tree, which, for the first portion of its life, it had sought in the wrong direction. Another marrow, further removed from all support, had also put forth its feelers towards the gravel path; but finding nothing to lay hold of, turned them back in a similar manner; but like the first one, only to meet with a disappointment. The marrow, however, made the best of unfavourable circumstances, as a wise man or a wise plant should do, and meeting with the tendrils of a sister or a brother marrow engaged in the like pursuit of a prop, under difficulties, they both resolved apparently that, as union was strength, they would twist around each other. And they did so. After they had been intertwined for a day, I deliberately and very tenderly untwisted them, with such care as not to injure the delicate tendrils, and laid them apart on the ground. In less than twenty-four hours, they had found each other out again, and twisted their slender cords together in a loving, or a friendly, or at least a mutually supporting, union. Much interested in these enterprising marrows, I tried some experiments with another climbing plant, the scarlet-runner. I untwisted one that had grown to the height of about a foot up the pole which had been placed for its reception, and twisted it carefully round another pole, which I stuck into the ground at a distance of about an inch from the old one. The scarlet-runner, however, had a will of its own, and would not cling to the new pole, unless I would tie it, which would have ruined the experiment. I therefore left the plant to itself to do as it pleased; and two days afterwards I found it on its original pole, twined securely around it. I repeated this experiment several times afterwards, with briony and hop, and always discovered that the only means to make a creeper creep, or a climber climb, in a direction different from that which it had already taken, was to tie or fasten it; if left freely to itself, it persisted in carrying out its original intention. Is this intelligence or instinct; or is it merely mechanical action? During the same season, I had occasion to remark that several climbing roses in front of my cottage seemed sickly. On investigating the cause of their ill health, I discovered that the soil in which they grew was very poor, and consisted merely of a thin layer of earth, over the chalk; that their roots had

reached the chalk, and could not penetrate it; and that they had declined in strength for want of proper nourishment. I had a pit dug, about three feet deep, all along the front where the roses grew; and I filled it up with new soil, manure, and rotted leaves, in which they have since thriven remarkably well. A healthy and luxuriant honeysuckle growing amid these roses, which clambers over my cottage porch, was at the same time laid bare to the roots. I found that the honeysuckle had been wiser than the roses, and, instead of pushing its roots vertically downward to the barren chalk, had extended them horizontally through the thin layer of earth, immediately under the sod, to the distance of no less than eight feet from the stem. Was this instinct or intelligence? Or was it blind mechanical force? My opinion is, that it was intelligence, and the adaptation of means to ends by a will that might have acted otherwise. Every plant growing in a darkened room, bends itself to the chance light that may happen to penetrate through a hole or a chink; every such plant overshadowed by trees of larger growth, endeavours to stretch itself beyond their influence. Is this instinct, intelligence, or mechanical force? I confess my inability to decide; I doubt the ability of any one else to settle the question; and, taking refuge in the idea that every manifestation of God's power and love is ilimitable, and may be infinitely small as well as infinitely great, I come to the conclusion that there is no life upon this globe, however humble, which is so wholly unintelligent as to be helpless for its own sustenance and preservation; or unendowed with the capacity of joy or sorrow.

### TO-DAY IN PARIS.

I AM slowly recovering from an illness which very nearly conducted me to the retirement of the grave; and every morning I am awakened by an impatient shaking, and a shrill peremptory voice which pipes: "M'sieu, v'la v't café." On opening my eyes, I see, through the light tipsifying Parisian air, a dumpty serving damsel, aged some one thousand Sundays: I reckon her life by Sundays, as Sunday is the only day on which the small creature, in this phase of the world's history, can have ever lived her own life.

She thinks no evil in shaking a slumbering "M'sieu" in bed. She is a resolute, but not an impudent, little person. She

has opinions, belonging to her newspaper, which incline, I think, to the doctrine of St. Simon; but she does not practise them obtrusively, and her name is Celestine. In England she would, or might be, called Molly. But it would never answer the purpose of a peaceable man to call this French girl Molly. An admirer of long standing, and high in her good graces, might, in moments of pathetic appeal to her higher feelings, venture upon "Celestine:" or, after a formal betrothal, he might, in hours of familiar social intercourse, while conducting her on a summer afternoon to partake of refreshments at the "barrière," go so far as "TINETTE." But all other persons of prudence and experience say "mademoiselle," if they want their coffee hot; and they take their hats off when they meet her on the stairs with her besom.

There seems an inborn sense of personal dignity in French people, whatever their calling or degree; or it may date from the terrible days when France inscribed on her banner that she had risen against Tyrants, for this sense could hardly have existed among a Nation of Serfs. Among the inhabitants of other nations, and especially among the English, there are trades and occupations which appear to obliterate the morality and self-respect of those who follow them. They become identified with vice and squalor in its lowest forms. In France, the souls of the humblest are filled with vast and grandiose conceptions of their part in the world's business. Each individual feels himself or herself necessary to the progress and completeness of the age and country. Every man honestly believes, with all his might and main, that the eyes of mankind are fixed upon his behaviour and pursuits. A domestic servant, taken lately to the watch-house for being noisy and aggressive, said to the policeman, "I protest in the face of Europe." The policeman, himself an important personage, with a sword and cocked hat, thinks this mode of protest simple and natural. A commercial traveller refused to acknowledge that he was sea-sick in crossing the Atlantic, because, as he observed afterwards: "Il fallait sauver l'honneur de la Patrie." A French tradesman is not simply a baker or a candlestick-maker. He says and thinks that "he consecrates himself to the art of perfecting the alimentary productions of nature," or that he "devotes an intelligent study to the discovery of some mechanism by which light may be best diffused." He says these things to his own

brother, and his most intimate friends. He repeats them to his wife and children; they form part of the fabric of his mind.

The other day I saw in a narrow by-street, a glowing picture of Fame; beneath it was written: "*A la vraie gloire*,"—"To true glory." It was the sign over a pork butcher's shop.

The principal changes that strike me to-day in Paris, after an absence of about a dozen years, are, that the whole population of the boulevards have become fat; and that the tripping little grisette, with her pretty cap, and neat inexpensive dress, has disappeared from the streets, and been replaced by the "*demoiselle du magasin*," who dresses in a yellow-braided jacket and high-heeled boots. In like manner, the brisk little fellows who lived on fried potatoes and vaudevilles, and went humming about their shop work, have become discontented prigs with mutton-chop whiskers, who pass their evenings in organising strikes, and the rest of their time in dreaming of "*une sérieuse position sociale*." I observe, also, the importation of spurious British manners and customs, on a most extensive scale: ridiculous imitations of the ugliest parts of English dress, such as our hats and ungainly boots; the general use of yellow hair-dye and monstrous wigs; lastly, the decline and fall of French cookery.

This plump people, though they have grown so round, no longer imagine delicate dishes, as in the hungry days before the first revolution when they had all such empty stomachs, and such hungry minds. They have become so satiated with succulent food as to be indifferent to the finer arts of the kitchen. No new culinary invention of world-wide reputation has been discovered in Paris since the "*Mayonnaise*;" and every recent addition to French fashionable dinners is of foreign importation. There is a grievous list of them, "*Rompsteack à la moelle*:" a thick chunk of tough beef with clumps of marrow lying in a glutinous lake of brown sauce; hard knobs of roast mutton; hash. Finally, even turtle soup, melted butter, cayenne pepper, and hot gin-and-water, have made their appearance at the best tables. The hot gin-and-water is indeed called "*krock*," but under this name it is nationalised; and its effect on the lively Parisian temperament is to make it suddenly and wildly boisterous.

The cafés, full of that universal out-of-door life which made Paris so delightful to the passing traveller if he lingered but a

day there, are gradually but surely giving place to clubs and more sedentary habits. The government officials, retired officers, professional and literary men, who formerly only slept and dressed at their lodgings, now retire into dark entresols in charge of a nurse who cultivates them like mushrooms. There they dine and live, appearing only on the boulevard towards five o'clock for their absinthe, or, horrible to relate, their "*gin and bitters*."

One must turn quite aside from the busy quarters of the city, to catch a few glimpses of the pretty old life. I have found one place where I used to dine twenty years ago, and which still seems to be patronised by almost the very same customers I left sitting there when I eat my last "*côtelette en papillotes*" and cauliflower salad there, in other times. I have been dining at this place for the last few days, behind an English gentleman with a bashful back. He is on a honeymoon trip to Paris, and he and his wife are charming people. Youth and beauty, joy and love, hope and fortune, make the whole world pleasant to them. The gentleman, a fresh-faced squire from one of the midland counties, feels himself so inferior to his bride that hence the bashfulness of his back. But she is very proud of him, proud of his strength, and manliness, and fair name. She has been brought up at home, perhaps in some secluded old priory or manor house, and Parisian ways are so strange to her, that she confronts them with the amazing courage of the frightened. I fancy her dresses must have been made in a small English country town; but she has bought a wonderful Parisian bonnet, and her own mother would be taken aback to see the dashing mode in which she wears it, and to hear her valiant talk in broken French. Every time she produces this astonishing foreign language, and the puzzled waiter confidently looks as if he understood it, I see the squire's bashful back contract with a sort of spasm, and the crimson blood rises till it colours his neck and ears, and he looks like a dahlia all ablow. He seems half gratified and half alarmed.

Opposite this happy pair are a party of French people, come up on some business of settlements or will-making, from Brittany. It is composed of two gentlemen, both very old, and a lady of a rare type of loveliness. Her eyes are sober eyes, full of a sweet and healing beauty. The cares of those two old men look softened and lessened in them. It is easy to see that she leads a good



and quiet life, for, though she is no longer young, Time has not touched her roughly. She has lived in the sunshine which gives birth to leaves and flowers: not in the blight which withers, or the lightning which sears. It is pleasant to notice the chivalrous antique gallantries of the two old men, and her watchful care of them both: a gentle, courteous merriment underlying the decorum of the whole party withal. The lady, exquisitely dressed, sits as a queen between her two admirers, who seem to render equal homage to her. One is thin and wasted: possibly a laborious scholar, bowed by weighty thoughts and grave study. His clothes are worn, but are not shabby, and there is a visible dignity about him. The other is more robust. He has been a successful soldier, and has prospered better than his companion. The strong-handed often push their way upward in the world, higher than the strong-brained. He is the host: a generous, open-handed, free-living man. He is also the lady's husband, and there are still traces of a cavalier grace which might well have left him the power of pleasing, long after duller men grow old. So theirs was a love match, not an uncommon one, when he was forty-nine and she was seventeen. Now, he is full seventy, and she is still in the flush of a ripe and goodly autumn. As they sit together, they form a noble picture of a by-gone society of which the thoughts and manners are fast departing: a society somewhat more genial and gracious, more refined and polite, than that uppermost to-day in Paris.

## CHOOSE.

My tender thoughts go forth, beloved,  
Upon the pleasant morning hours,  
With songs of mated birds, and sighs  
From virgin hearts of opening flowers.

Full-laden with love's daintiest store,  
Each smallest thought should come to thee,  
As from the jasmine's hidden cell  
Flies home the richly-burdened bee.

My joyous thoughts go forth, beloved,  
Upon the golden airs of noon,  
With languid sweets from roses rare  
That flush and faint through ardent June.

With all the swiftmess of the streams,  
That fling out laughter as they run;  
With all the brightness of the day,  
With all the passion of the sun.

But when, along the cloud-hung west,  
The purple lights grow pale and die;  
When waves of sunshine roll no more,  
And all one shade the cornfields lie;

When twilight veils the hills, and gives  
A deeper mystery to the sea;  
Then, O beloved! my saddened heart  
Yearns through the distance unto thee.

And when the winds come o'er the sands,  
To sweep my lonely garden through,  
To bow the saintly lily's head,  
And spill the violet's cup of dew;

And when they higher mount, and beat  
The elm's long arms against the eaves,  
Troubling the robin in its nest,  
And making tumult in the leaves;

Then, in the dusk, I seem to hear  
Strange sounds and whisperings of dread,  
And every murmur in the grass  
Seems some unfriendly spirit's tread.

I shrink within the shadowed porch;  
A nameless fear oppresseth me;  
And then my heart, like some lost child,  
Calls through the darkness unto thee!

So, dear, of all my life of love,  
Choose thou the best and sweetest part:  
The glow of day, or gloom of night,  
The pride, or terror, of my heart;

The glad exultant hope, that fills  
The morning with its joyous strain;  
Or twilight's haunted loneliness,  
That stretches out its arms in vain.

Would sigh or carol move thee most?  
And were thy tenderest kiss bestowed  
On eyes that droop with tears, or lips  
With careless laughter overflowed?

## STORIES OF LOUGH GUIR.

WHEN the present writer was a boy of twelve or thirteen, he first made the acquaintance of Miss Anne Baily, of Lough Guir, in the county Limerick. She and her sister were the last representatives at that place, of an extremely good old name in the county. They were both what is termed "old maids," and at that time past sixty. But never were old ladies more hospitable, lively, and kind, especially to young people. They were both remarkably agreeable and clever. Like all old county ladies of their time, they were great genealogists, and could recount the origin, generations, and intermarriages, of every county family of note.

These ladies were visited at their house at Lough Guir by Mr. Crofton Croker; and are, I think, mentioned, by name, in the second series of his fairy legends; the series in which (probably communicated by Miss Anne Baily), he recounts some of the picturesque traditions of those beautiful lakes—lakes, I should no longer say, for the smaller and prettier has since been drained, and gave up from its depths some long lost and very interesting relics.

In their drawing-room stood a curious relic of another sort: old enough, too, though belonging to a much more modern period. It was the ancient stirrup cup of the hospitable house of Lough Guir. Crofton Croker has preserved a sketch of this curious glass. I have often had it in

my hand. It had a short stem; and the cup part, having the bottom rounded, rose cylindrically, and, being of a capacity to contain a whole bottle of claret, and almost as narrow as an old-fashioned ale glass, was tall to a degree that filled me with wonder. As it obliged the rider to extend his arm as he raised the glass, it must have tried a tipsy man, sitting in the saddle, pretty severely. The wonder was that the marvellous tall glass had come down to our times without a crack.

There was another glass worthy of remark in the same drawing-room. It was gigantic, and shaped conically, like one of those old-fashioned jelly glasses which used to be seen upon the shelves of confectioners. It was engraved round the rim with the words, "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory;" and on grand occasions, was filled to the brim, and after the manner of a loving cup, made the circuit of the Whig guests, who owed all to the hero whose memory its legend celebrated and invoked.

It was now but the transparent phantom of those solemn convivialities of a generation, who lived, as it were, within hearing of the cannon and shoutings of those stirring times. When I saw it, this glass had long retired from politics and carousals, and stood peacefully on a little table in the drawing-room, where ladies' hands replenished it with fair water, and crowned it daily with flowers from the garden.

Miss Anne Baily's conversation ran oftener than her sister's upon the legendary and supernatural; she told her stories with the sympathy, the colour, and the mysterious air which contribute so powerfully to effect, and never wearied of answering questions about the old castle, and amusing her young audience with fascinating little glimpses of old adventure and bygone days. My memory retains the picture of my early friend very distinctly. A slim straight figure, above the middle height; a general likeness to the full-length portrait of that delightful Countess D'Aulnois, to whom we all owe our earliest and most brilliant glimpses of fairy-land; something of her gravely-pleasant countenance, plain, but refined and ladylike, with that kindly mystery in her side-long glance and uplifted finger, which indicated the approaching climax of a tale of wonder.

Lough Guir is a kind of centre of the operations of the Munster fairies. When a child is stolen by the "good people," Lough Guir is conjectured to be the place of its unearthly transmutation from the

human to the fairy state. And beneath its waters lie enchanted, the grand old castle of the Desmonds, the great earl himself, his beautiful young countess, and all the retinue that surrounded him in the years of his splendour, and at the moment of his catastrophe.

Here, too, are historic associations. The huge square tower that rises at one side of the stable-yard close to the old house, to a height that amazed my young eyes, though robbed of its battlements and one story, was a stronghold of the last rebellious Earl of Desmond, and is specially mentioned in that delightful old folio, the *Hibernia Pacata*, as having, with its Irish garrison on the battlements, defied the army of the lord deputy, then marching by upon the summits of the overhanging hills. The house, built under shelter of this stronghold of the once proud and turbulent Desmonds, is old, but snug, with a multitude of small low rooms, such as I have seen in houses of the same age in Shropshire and the neighbouring English counties.

The hills that overhang the lakes appeared to me, in my young days (and I have not seen them since), to be clothed with a short soft verdure, of a hue so dark and vivid as I had never seen before.

In one of the lakes is a small island, rocky and wooded, which is believed by the peasantry to represent the top of the highest tower of the castle which sank, under a spell, to the bottom. In certain states of the atmosphere, I have heard educated people say, when in a boat you have reached a certain distance, the island appears to rise some feet from the water, its rocks assume the appearance of masonry, and the whole circuit presents very much the effect of the battlements of a castle rising above the surface of the lake.

This was Miss Anne Baily's story of the submersion of this lost castle:

#### THE MAGICIAN EARL.

It is well known that the great Earl of Desmond, though history pretends to dispose of him differently, lives to this hour enchanted in his castle, with all his household, at the bottom of the lake.

There was not, in his day, in all the world, so accomplished a magician as he. His fairest castle stood upon an island in the lake, and to this he brought his young and beautiful bride, whom he loved but too well; for she prevailed upon his folly to risk all to gratify her imperious caprice.

They had not been long in this beautiful castle, when she one day presented herself in the chamber in which her husband studied his forbidden art, and there implored him to exhibit before her some of the wonders of his evil science. He resisted long; but her entreaties, tears, and wheedlings were at length too much for him, and he consented.

But before beginning those astonishing transformations with which he was about to amaze her, he explained to her the awful conditions and dangers of the experiment.

Alone in this vast apartment, the walls of which were lapped, far below, by the lake whose dark waters lay waiting to swallow them, she must witness a certain series of frightful phenomena, which, once commenced, he could neither abridge nor mitigate; and if throughout their ghastly succession she spoke one word, or uttered one exclamation, the castle and all that it contained would in one instant subside to the bottom of the lake, there to remain, under the servitude of a strong spell, for ages.

The dauntless curiosity of the lady having prevailed, and the oaken door of the study being locked and barred, the fatal experiments commenced.

Muttering a spell, as he stood before her, feathers sprouted thickly over him, his face became contracted and hooked, a cadaverous smell filled the air, and, with heavy winnowing wings, a gigantic vulture rose in his stead, and swept round and round the room, as if on the point of pouncing upon her.

The lady commanded herself through this trial, and instantly another began.

The bird alighted near the door, and in less than a minute changed, she saw not how, into a horribly deformed and dwarfish hag: who, with yellow skin hanging about her face, and enormous eyes, swung herself on crutches toward the lady, her mouth foaming with fury, and her grimaces and contortions becoming more and more hideous every moment, till she rolled with a yell on the floor, in a horrible convulsion, at the lady's feet, and then changed into a huge serpent, which came sweeping and arching toward her, with crest erect, and quivering tongue. Suddenly, as it seemed on the point of darting at her, she saw her husband in its stead, standing pale before her, and, with his finger on his lip, enforcing the continued necessity of silence. He then placed himself at his length on the floor, and began to stretch himself out and out, longer and longer, until his head nearly

reached to one end of the vast room, and his feet to the other.

This horror overcame her. The ill-starred lady uttered a wild scream, whereupon the castle and all that was within it, sank in a moment to the bottom of the lake.

But, once in every seven years, by night, the Earl of Desmond and his retinue emerge, and cross the lake, in shadowy cavalcade. His white horse is shod with silver. On that one night, the earl may ride till day-break, and it behoves him to make good use of his time; for, until the silver shoes of his steed be worn through, the spell that holds him and his beneath the lake, will retain its power.

When I (Miss Anne Baily) was a child, there was still living a man named Teigne O'Neill, who had a strange story to tell.

He was a smith, and his forge stood on the brow of the hill, overlooking the lake, on a lonely part of the road to Cahir Conlisk. One bright moonlight night, he was working very late, and quite alone. The clink of his hammer, and the wavering glow reflected through the open door on the bushes at the other side of the narrow road, were the only tokens that told of life and vigil for miles around.

In one of the pauses of his work, he heard the ring of many hoofs ascending the steep road that passed his forge, and, standing in his doorway, he was just in time to see a gentleman, on a white horse, who was dressed in a fashion the like of which the smith had never seen before. This man was accompanied and followed by a mounted retinue, as strangely dressed as he.

They seemed, by the clang and clatter that announced their approach, to be riding up the hill at a hard hurry-scurry gallop; but the pace abated as they drew near, and the rider of the white horse who, from his grave and lordly air, he assumed to be a man of rank, and accustomed to command, drew bridle and came to a halt before the smith's door.

He did not speak, and all his train were silent, but he beckoned to the smith, and pointed down to one of his horse's hoofs.

Teigne stooped and raised it, and held it just long enough to see that it was shod with a silver shoe: which, in one place, he said, was worn as thin as a shilling. Instantaneously his situation was made apparent to him by this sign, and he recoiled with a terrified prayer. The lordly rider, with a look of pain and fury, struck at him suddenly, with something that whistled in the air, like a whip; and an icy streak

seemed to traverse his body, as if he had been cut through with a leaf of steel. But he was without scathe or scar, as he afterwards found.

At the same moment he saw the whole cavalcade break into a gallop and disappear down the hill, with a momentary huriling in the air, like the flight of a volley of cannon shot.

Here had been the earl himself! He had tried one of his accustomed stratagems to lead the smith to speak to him. For it is well known that either for the purpose of abridging or of mitigating his period of enchantment, he seeks to lead people to accost him. But what, in the event of his succeeding, would befall the person whom he had thus ensnared, no one knows.

#### MOLL RIAL'S ADVENTURE.

When Miss Anne Baily was a child, Moll Rial was an old woman. She had lived all her days with the Bailsys of Lough Guir; in and about whose house, as was the Irish custom of those days, were a troop of bare-footed country girls, scullery maids, or laundresses, or employed about the poultry yard, or running of errands.

Among these was Mary Rial, then a stout good-humoured lass, with little to think of, and nothing to fret about. She was once washing clothes, by the process known universally in Munster as beatling. The washer stands up to her ankles in water, in which she has immersed the clothes, which she lays in that state on a great flat stone, and smacks with lusty strokes of an instrument which bears a rude resemblance to a cricket bat, only shorter, broader, and light enough to be wielded freely with one hand. Thus, they smack the dripping clothes, turning them over and over, sousing them in the water, and replacing them on the same stone, to undergo a repetition of the process, until they are thoroughly washed.

Moll Rial was plying her "beatle" at the margin of the lake, close under the old house and castle. It was between eight and nine o'clock on a fine summer morning, everything looked bright and beautiful. Though quite alone, and though she could not see even the windows of the house (hidden from her view by the irregular ascent and some interposing bushes), her loneliness was not depressing.

Standing up from her work, she saw a gentleman walking slowly down the slope toward her. He was a "grand-looking"

gentleman, arrayed in a flowered silk dressing-gown, with a cap of velvet on his head; and as he stepped toward her, in his slippered feet, he showed a very handsome leg. He was smiling graciously as he approached, and drawing a ring from his finger with an air of gracious meaning, which seemed to imply that he wished to make her a present; he raised it in his fingers with a pleased look, and placed it on the flat stones beside the clothes she had been beatling so industriously.

He drew back a little, and continued to look at her with an encouraging smile, which seemed to say: "You have earned your reward; you must not be afraid to take it."

The girl fancied that this was some gentleman who had arrived, as often happened in those hospitable and haphazard times, late and unexpectedly the night before, and who was now taking a little indolent ramble before breakfast.

Moll Rial was a little shy, and more so at having been discovered by so grand a gentleman with her petticoats gathered a little high about her bare shins. She looked down, therefore, upon the water at her feet, and then she saw a ripple of blood, and then another, ring after ring, coming and going to and from her feet. She cried out the sacred name in horror, and, lifting her eyes, the courtly gentleman was gone, but the blood-rings about her feet spread with the speed of light over the surface of the lake, which for a moment glowed like one vast estuary of blood.

Here was the earl once again, and Moll Rial declared that if it had not been for that frightful transformation of the water she would have spoken to him next minute, and would thus have passed under a spell, perhaps as direful as his own.

#### THE BANSHEE.

So old a Munster family as the Bailsys, of Lough Guir, could not fail to have their attendant banshee. Every one attached to the family knew this well, and could cite evidences of that unearthly distinction. I heard Miss Baily relate the only experience she had personally had of that wild spiritual sympathy.

She said that, being then young, she and Miss Susan undertook a long attendance upon the sick bed of their sister, Miss Kitty, whom I have heard remembered among her contemporaries as the merriest and most entertaining of human beings. This light-hearted young lady was dying of con-



sumption. The sad duties of such attendance being divided among many sisters, as they then were, the night watches devolved upon the two ladies I have named: I think, as being the eldest.

It is not improbable that these long and melancholy vigils, lowering the spirits and exciting the nervous system, prepared them for illusions. At all events, one night at dead of night, Miss Baily and her sister, sitting in the dying lady's room, heard such sweet and melancholy music as they had never heard before. It seemed to them like distant cathedral music. The room of the dying girl had its windows toward the yard, and the old castle stood near, and full in sight. The music was not in the house, but seemed to come from the yard, or beyond it. Miss Anne Baily took a candle, and went down the back stairs. She opened the back door, and, standing there, heard the same faint but solemn harmony, and could not tell whether it most resembled the distant music of instruments, or a choir of voices. It seemed to come through the windows of the old castle, high in the air. But when she approached the tower, the music, she thought, came from above the house, at the other side of the yard; and thus perplexed, and at last frightened, she returned.

This aerial music both she and her sister, Miss Susan Baily, avowed that they distinctly heard, and for a long time. Of the fact she was clear, and she spoke of it with great awe.

#### THE GOVERNESS'S DREAM.

This lady, one morning, with a grave countenance that indicated something weighty upon her mind, told her pupils that she had, on the night before, had a very remarkable dream.

The first room you enter in the old castle, having reached the foot of the spiral stone stair, is a large hall, dim and lofty, having only a small window or two, set high in deep recesses in the wall. When I saw the castle many years ago, a portion of this capacious chamber was used as a store for the turf laid in to last the year.

Her dream placed her, alone, in this room, and there entered a grave-looking man, having something very remarkable in his countenance: which impressed her, as a fine portrait sometimes will, with a haunting sense of character and individuality.

In his hand this man carried a wand, about the length of an ordinary walking cane. He told her to observe and remem-

ber its length, and to mark well the measurements he was about to make, the result of which she was to communicate to Mr. Baily, of Lough Guir.

From a certain point in the wall, with this wand, he measured along the floor, at right angles with the wall, a certain number of its lengths, which he counted aloud; and then, in the same way, from the adjoining wall he measured a certain number of its lengths, which he also counted distinctly. He then told her that at the point where these two lines met, at a depth of a certain number of feet which he also told her, treasure lay buried. And so the dream broke up, and her remarkable visitant vanished.

She took the girls with her to the old castle, where, having cut a switch to the length represented to her in her dream, she measured the distances, and ascertained, as she supposed, the point on the floor beneath which the treasure lay. The same day she related her dream to Mr. Baily. But he treated it laughingly, and took no step in consequence.

Some time after this, she again saw, in a dream, the same remarkable-looking man, who repeated his message, and appeared displeased. But the dream was treated by Mr. Baily as before.

The same dream occurred again, and the children became so clamorous to have the castle floor explored, with pick and shovel, at the point indicated by the thrice-seen messenger, that at length Mr. Baily consented, and the floor was opened, and a trench was sunk at the spot which the governess had pointed out.

Miss Anne Baily, and nearly all the members of the family, her father included, were present at this operation. As the workmen approached the depth described in the vision, the interest and suspense of all increased; and when the iron implements met the solid resistance of a broad flagstone, which returned a cavernous sound to the stroke, the excitement of all present rose to its acme.

With some difficulty the flag was raised, and a chamber of stone work, large enough to receive a moderately-sized crock or pot, was disclosed. Alas! it was empty. But in the earth at the bottom of it, Miss Baily said, she herself saw, as every other bystander plainly did, the circular impression of a vessel: which had stood there, as the mark seemed to indicate, for a very long time.

Both the Miss Bails were strong in their

belief hereafterwards, that the treasure which they were convinced had actually been deposited there, had been removed by some more trusting and active listener than their father had proved.

This same governess remained with them to the time of her death, which occurred some years later, under the following circumstances as extraordinary as her dream.

#### THE EARL'S HALL.

The good governess had a particular liking for the old castle, and when lessons were over, would take her book or her work into a large room in the ancient building, called the Earl's Hall. Here she caused a table and chair to be placed for her use, and in the chiaroscuro would so sit at her favourite occupations, with just a little ray of subdued light, admitted through one of the glassless windows above her, and falling upon her table.

The Earl's Hall is entered by a narrow-arched door, opening close to the winding stair. It is a very large and gloomy room, pretty nearly square, with a lofty vaulted ceiling, and a stone floor. Being situated high in the castle, the walls of which are immensely thick, and the windows very small and few, the silence that reigns here is like that of a subterranean cavern. You hear nothing in this solitude, except perhaps twice in a day, the twitter of a swallow in one of the small windows high in the wall.

This good lady, having one day retired to her accustomed solitude, was missed from the house at her wonted hour of return. This in a country house, such as Irish houses were in those days, excited little surprise, and no alarm. But when dinner hour came, which was then, in country houses, five o'clock, and the governess had not appeared, some of her young friends, it being not yet winter, and sufficient light remaining to guide them through the gloom of the dim ascent and passages, mounted the old stone stair to the level of the Earl's Hall, gaily calling to her as they approached.

There was no answer. On the stone floor, outside the door of the Earl's Hall, to their horror, they found her lying insensible. By the usual means she was restored to consciousness; but she continued very ill, and was conveyed to the house, where she took to her bed.

It was there and then that she related what had occurred to her. She had placed herself, as usual, at her little work table,

and had been either working or reading—I forget which—for some time, and felt in her usual health and serene spirits. Raising her eyes, and looking towards the door, she saw a horrible-looking little man enter. He was dressed in red, was very short, had a singularly dark face, and a most atrocious countenance. Having walked some steps into the room, with his eyes fixed on her, he stopped, and beckoning to her to follow, moved back toward the door. About half way, again he stopped once more and turned. She was so terrified that she sat staring at the apparition without moving or speaking. Seeing that she had not obeyed him, his face became more frightful and menacing, and as it underwent this change, he raised his hand and stamped on the floor. Gesture, look, and all, expressed diabolical fury. Through sheer extremity of terror she did rise, and, as he turned again, followed him a step or two in the direction of the door. He again stopped, and with the same mute menace, compelled her again to follow him.

She reached the narrow stone doorway of the Earl's Hall, through which he had passed; from the threshold she saw him standing a little way off, with his eyes still fixed on her. Again he signed to her, and began to move along the short passage that leads to the winding stair. But instead of following him further, she fell on the floor in a fit.

The poor lady was thoroughly persuaded that she was not long to survive this vision, and her foreboding proved true. From her bed she never rose. Fever and delirium supervened in a few days, and she died. Of course it is possible that fever, already approaching, had touched her brain when she was visited by the phantom, and that it had no external existence.

#### THE GREAT MAGYAR.

IN FOUR PARTS. CHAPTER V.

WE must for a moment recal attention to the date in Hungarian history which this narrative has now reached.

From the 16th of March to the 5th of July, the Austrian government, expelled from its capital, disorganised and thoroughly discouraged, submits, without even a semblance of remonstrance, to each condition imposed on its weakness by the growing impatience of Kossuth. Each new concession, however, is secretly recorded as a debt, which Vienna statesmen are resolved that Hungary shall some day repay

with interest, if they, in turn, should ever get a chance of dictating terms. During the months of July and August, the Austrian government begins to recover self-confidence, and secretly encourages resistance in all quarters to the Revolutionary government at Pesth. The two cabinets, however, continue to avoid an open rupture; and the Emperor's authority is assailed under cover of the King of Hungary's. With the first days of September, a new epoch begins. Each government drops the mask, and hostile preparations are pushed forward on both sides. In the first week of that month, the Austrian Lieutenant-General Hrabowsky, who commands the imperial troops throughout the comitats of Croatia and Slavonia, spontaneously surrenders his command to Jellachich: who at once assumes it, in the name of the Emperor, and is forthwith master of a compact and well-organised military power. On the 10th of September, the Hungarian Diet despatches another deputation to the Emperor, who receives the Magyar deputies at Schoenbrun, the Versailles of Austria, the famous residence of Maria Theresa. The language of the deputation is haughty, insolent, dictatorial. It summons the King of Hungary to Pesth, demands the royal sanction to the Hungarian paper money already issued, and claims that the military resources of the Empire shall be placed at the disposal of the Magyar cabinet, for resistance to the Croats. The language of the King-emperor is cold, cautious, evasive. The state of his health will not permit him to visit Pesth at present. As to the paper money, he will consider. He has already advised the Ban of Croatia not to reject any conciliatory overtures which may be addressed to him by the Hungarians. In profound and ominous silence, the deputation withdraws. On quitting the halls and gardens of Schoenbrun, each deputy tears from his hat the Austro-Hungarian colours, and replaces them by the red cockade. The fiction of revolutionary government carried on in the king's name is at an end.

On the 11th of September, the great Ban led his army of Croats across the Drave, advanced without opposition to the Danube, and planted the imperial standard on the fortress of Essig. His march was preceded by a proclamation, in which he declared that he entered the plains of Hungary, not as a foe, but as a friend—not to withdraw from the Magyar race a single privilege to which the royal sanction had recently been given, but to rescue the constitution of Hungary

and her sister kingdoms from the tyranny of a rebellious, odious, and incapable faction. Meanwhile, the Emperor refused to sanction the paper money issued by the Hungarian government, and the Hungarian government replied by proclaiming guilty of high treason and to be *punishable with death*, all who refused to accept the new assignats as legal tender. The troops were, at the same time, ordered to the Croatian frontier. Meszaros, the Magyar minister of war, took command of them in person. But a great part of his army was composed of Slavs and Germans, whose disposition he could not trust; and the Transylvanian regiment, composed of Wallacks, mutinied at Szegecin, whither they had been led by forced marches, and returned to their old quarters. Batthiany, at his wits' end, called the cabinet together. It met at the house of Kossuth. Szechenyi was present with all the other ministers. Silent, motionless, his face buried in his hands, he appeared unconscious of all that was passing around him. Suddenly he rose, and left the room, without a word to any of his colleagues. Ten minutes afterwards he returned to fetch his portfolio, which he had forgotten. Seizing it with a convulsive grasp, he then turned to Kossuth, and said: "You won't hang me, will you, Kossuth?"

"Why should I hang you?" asked Kossuth, laughing.

"But promise me, promise me, that I shall not be hanged by your orders!"

"Well; since you insist on it, I promise."

"Thanks! thanks!"

He pressed the hand of Kossuth, thrust his portfolio under his arm, and hastened out of the room again in great agitation.

This anecdote is cited by M. Saint-René Taillandier, from the History of the Hungarian Revolution by Mr. Daniel Iranyi, to whom Kossuth himself related it. "About the same time, perhaps it was the evening of that very day," adds M. Saint-René Taillandier, "some of the count's most intimate friends were met together, and talking with him. The conversation naturally turned on what was then occupying all minds. The count himself, strangely excited, his face bathed in tears, his eyes flashing with prophetic fire, exclaimed: 'The stars are dripping blood. I see blood everywhere, nothing but blood! Brother will massacre brother, race exterminate race. Barbarian hordes will reduce to ashes the entire fabric we have so long and lovingly laboured to build up. My life is overthrown. On the vault of

heaven I see written in characters of fire the name of Kossuth, flagellum Dei!"

The rumour spread through Hungary, through Europe. For one moment the attention of the civilised world was withdrawn from the fate of empires, and concentrated on the prostrate image of a single man, when it was whispered across Europe, "Szechenyi has gone mad."

The count's family, unprepared for such an event, had quitted Pesth.\* The calamity was first revealed to the count's servants. The servants imparted their impressions to Dr. Paul Balogh, a medical man of eminence and ability. The doctor besought the count to leave Pesth. He replied, "I am one of the ministers of Hungary; and the enemies of Hungary are at the gates." In a moment of utter exhaustion and discouragement, however, he was borne away from Pesth by the watchful doctor. At Vörösvár the carriage stopped to change horses. The count contrived to escape from it, and was with difficulty recaptured in the endeavour to return to the scene of his long martyrdom. Once, his attendants were only just in time to snatch from his hand the pistol he was about to fire on himself. At Gran, he again escaped from his friendly guardian, and flung himself into the river. The crew of a vessel at that moment descending the stream, succeeded in saving from its waves the creator of the navigation of the Danube. At Wieselburg he, a third time, broke loose from his keepers, and ran through the town screaming in agony: "I am on fire! I burn!"

At last the travellers reached Döbling. It is a quiet pretty little village, so near Vienna that the recent growth of the Austrian capital has now almost converted it into a suburb. It still retains, however, its rural aspect, and is sprinkled with green garden lawns, and enfolded by the sheltering slopes of richly-wooded hills. There, still stands the "asylum" of Dr. Görgen. An asylum it deserves to be called. We have often visited it. There, Dr. Balogh deposited his noble patient; and there Count Stephen Szechenyi was still living when the present writer first visited Vienna, nine years ago. Ah, and at that time the *ci-devant* great Prince Metternich was still living also! Surely it is not years but ideas which mark the progress of time. From the moment of his arrival at Döbling, the condition of the count's health fluctuated in such precise correspondence with the fluctuating fortunes of his country, that

henceforth he may be regarded as the living individualised embodiment of the sufferings of a whole nation.

#### CHAPTER VI.

WHICH was the madder world of the two? The world inside, or the world outside, the walls of the Döbling Hospital?

It has been stated in previous chapters that at the commencement of the conflict between Magyar and Croat, the Imperial Government, then completely submissive to the Revolutionary Cabinet of Pesth, openly disavowed and condemned the conduct of its destined saviour, the great Ban.

The Archduke Stephen, when he opened the Hungarian Diet, had been instructed to declare on behalf of the King-emperor, the grief with which the King's paternal heart had been afflicted by the attempt of the Croats to resist the laws of the Diet, on the pretext that those laws were not the free expression of his majesty's will. "Some persons," added the Palatine "have even gone so far as to pretend that their resistance to the Diet is undertaken in the interests of the royal house, and with the knowledge and approval of his majesty."

Our only comment upon this shall be the citation of a single passage from the correspondence, subsequently intercepted, between Jellachich and the Emperor. The Ban writes, "I entreat your forgiveness, sire; but I am resolved to save your majesty's empire. If the empire must fall, let who will live on. I, at least, will not survive it."

From Essig to Fünfkirchen the Ban had marched without resistance. There, Lake Balaton—an inland sea somewhat larger than the lake of Geneva—forms the base of a triangle, of which the two sides are traced by the Drave and the Danube, Croatia being at its apex. Turning the western corner of the lake, Jellachich reached the castle of Kesthely. From Kesthely to Stuhlweissemburg, the road is guarded, on one side by the waters of Lake Belaton, on the other by the mountain slopes of the forest of Bakony. The whole of that part of the country is inhabited by a mixed population of Germans and Hungarians, through which Jellachich led his army without encountering any opposition; and, possessing himself of the ancient capital of the Hungarian kings and the tomb of St. Stephen, he encamped his forces within a day's journey of Pesth. The excitement occasioned by this alarming intelligence dealt the coup de grace to the moderate



party in the Hungarian Cabinet: already weakened by the loss of Szechenyi, and discredited by the failure of its attempts at compromise and conciliation.

The moment they were relieved of Szechenyi's presence, the radicals had resolved to get rid of all their conservative colleagues at one stroke. They calculated that, if the ministry were broken up, the only persons able to form another would be themselves. They therefore placed their resignation in the hands of the Palatine, fully persuaded that his imperial and royal highness would not venture to accept it. The archduke, however, disappointed that expectation by taking them at their word. The vexation of their partisans, who commanded the majority in the chamber, was excessive, and was so unpleasantly evinced that the Palatine soon afterwards quitted Pesth in disgust. On his way to Vienna he passed the outposts of the Ban's army; and it is said that he there encountered his cousin, the young Archduke Frederick. If so, he could no longer have had any doubt as to the real policy and personal sentiments of the Emperor, in whose hands he placed his own resignation as soon as he reached Vienna.

Batthiany now attempted to form a new cabinet from which Kossuth and all the radicals were to be excluded. In the existing temper of the country such an attempt was, from every point of view, preposterous; but its failure was precipitated by the rejection of a demand brought before the National Assembly at Vienna on the 17th of September by a deputation from the Hungarian Diet; which, with Vesselenyi at the head of it, was charged to solicit assistance against the Croats. The deputation had only just returned empty-handed, when the news reached Pesth that the enemy was within a day's journey of the Magyar capital. Kossuth, borne to the summit of power on the shoulders of an alarmed and intensely excited people, was immediately proclaimed Dictator. The National Guard, under the command of the two Huniady's, was ordered forward to arrest the advance of Jellachich. Meanwhile, Kossuth himself mounted the tribune, and, in one of his most impassioned orations, appealed to every member of the house to work with him "spade in hand at the fortifications of the town," while their wives and daughters were "boiling oil and lead to pour upon the head of the invader."

It was at this critical moment that the Emperor issued a manifesto "to his faith-

ful subjects in Hungary," informing them that, in the absence of the Palatine, and every other constitutional authority, he had invested with full powers Field-Marshal Count Lamberg for the restoration of order throughout the kingdom, and had appointed the count commander-in-chief of the military forces in Hungary.

The modern capital of Hungary consists of two cities, separated by the Danube; or, more properly speaking, it consists of a city and a citadel, between which the broad and rapid current of the great river flows down to its eastern goal. On the right bank of the river, that is to say, on the side first reached by any traveller from the Austrian capital, on the site of the ancient residence of the Turkish pashas, and commanding from its airy eminence one of the most spacious and exhilarating prospects in the world, stands the great modern stronghold of Buda. Beneath it, on the same side of the river, is one of those small towns which in former times the shelter of a strong fortress always created around it. On the left bank of the river, and immediately opposite to this ancient acropolis, is Pesth, the modern capital. The city and the citadel are now connected by a magnificent bridge, one of the creations of Stephen Szechenyi. In 1848, however, they were united only by a bridge of boats, and the two together comprised a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand souls.

Count Lamberg arrived at Buda on the evening of the 29th of September. Kossuth, who had proclaimed the decree of the King of Hungary to be null and void, was resolved to oppose the viceroy's entry into Pesth. During the night of the 28th, scythes and pitchforks were distributed to a mob of peasants who had flocked into Pesth from all the surrounding districts.

Count Lamberg, who desired to confer with the Austrian commandant before crossing the river, alighted at the fortress of Buda. He was unaccompanied by any escort, and was either ignorant of the danger that menaced him, or fatally indifferent to it. Scarcely had he quitted the fortress, when it was burst into by a band of armed ragamuffins, who entered the apartments of the commandant, demanding, with brandished weapons and homicidal yells, that the unfortunate count should be delivered up to them. After searching the fortress, in all directions, they left it in pursuit of their victim. Meanwhile, the imperial plenipotentiary was quietly cross-

ing the bridge in a hackney coach. Before it reached the other side of the river, however, the carriage was encountered and arrested by another band of assassins. One of these ruffians felled the count by a blow upon the head from behind. Another dragged him out of the vehicle. Some National Guards, who had witnessed the assault which they might have prevented, now hastened to the assistance of the murdered man. Lamberg, bruised, bleeding, but still alive, lifted aloft the letters of the Emperor, and waved them in the air: apparently under the delusion that the butchers into whose hands he had fallen, would respect in his person that of their king, whom he represented. At the same time, the wounded man asked to be conducted to the house of Kossuth. While the unhappy man was yet speaking, half a dozen scythes and pitchforks were plunged into his body. The mob then tore every shred of clothing from the mangled and quivering carcass, and dragged it through the streets of Pesth. Meanwhile, the other band of assassins, returning from Buda, dipped their arms in the pool of gore which marked the spot where their prey had already fallen, and dyed in the blood of that viceroy of an hour the banners under which they marched. Thus was the red flag raised in Pesth.

The following is an extract from a manifesto of the Emperor, which was issued on the 30th of October, that is to say, four days after the massacre of Count Lamberg:

"We, Ferdinand, Emperor, and Constitutional King, &c., &c., &c.—To our great grief and indignation, the Hungarian Diet has suffered itself to be led away by Louis Kossuth and his partisans into a series of illegalities. It has even issued decrees in direct violation of our royal authority, and has recently adopted a resolution against our plenipotentiary, Count Lamberg, in virtue of which, before the count could present his full power, he was attacked and barbarously murdered. In these circumstances it is our duty to decree as follows," &c.

The provisions of the manifesto are then enumerated. Immediate dissolution of the Hungarian Diet, and nullification of all laws passed by that body without the royal sanction. Martial law throughout the kingdom of Hungary. Lieutenant Field-Marshal Jellachich, Ban of Croatia, is appointed commander-in-chief of the forces, and royal commissary-general for Hungary, with unlimited powers. The

Ban is charged with the punishment of the murderers of Count Lamberg.

To this decree, the Hungarian Diet replied by declaring itself a national assembly in permanent session, and organising a committee of public safety, under the dictatorship of Kossuth.

#### CHAPTER VII.

NOTHING could exceed the enthusiasm and affection with which the motley army of Jellachich regarded their great leader. "We will follow thee," they cried, "to the ends of the world; and at Buda we will give thee the crown of St. Stephen." Jellachich had three great qualities for command, two of them rare: youth, genius, and the heroic temperament. He was not only a soldier, but a poet—a poet, because, being a born warrior, and not a military pedant, his actions were the offspring of ideas; a soldier, because all true poets are soldiers by the force of manly emotion, and in the cause of noble sentiments.\* When he spoke of the Emperor, he said, "our father;" when he spoke to his soldiers, he said, "my children." His personal appearance was commanding solely by force of expression. In stature he was somewhat under the average height; his physical frame was slight; and his countenance, which had that mobility peculiar to the Slavonic race, was easily affected by the fatigue of anxious thought or bodily effort. But he had the eye of a leader of men—an eye luminous, intense, and deeply caverned under a shaggy brow. His soldiers and his countrymen called him "Father." His sovereign and the empire called him "Saviour." Kossuth called him "Brigand." Posterity will probably remember him as a great, broken-hearted man.

Here—since it is only for a moment that the image of the great Ban passes across the limited field of vision which belongs to our present point of view—here, is the place to mention that the imperial promises on which he implicitly relied were never realised; that as soon as the empire was saved, its saviours were forgotten. The Croats were transferred from King Log to King Stork; and Croatia, instead of being Magyarised by the haughty Hungarians, was Germanised by the Vienna bureaucracy. The intellect of Jellachich did not long survive the betrayal of all he had lived and

\* His poems were published at Vienna in 1850.

fought for, and the proved faithlessness of all he had trusted. He died in 1859, like his great contemporary, Szechenyi, a madman.

It is time, however, to return to Stuhlweissenburg. When Jellachich assured the Hungarians that he did not intend to deprive the Magyar nationality of a single constitutional privilege, he spoke the truth. When he assured the Emperor that he was resolved not to survive the empire, he also spoke the truth. To save and restore the empire, in order to establish securely, under the safeguard of its paternal supremacy, the equal national rights of all its constituent populations, was the object for which he was now fighting. He had marched with such rapidity upon Stuhlweissenburg that his heavy guns had been purposely left behind; and in his first encounters with the Hungarian forces—who, though less numerous, had the advantage of superior artillery, and fought with immense gallantry—he experienced heavy losses, and fell back upon Raab.

The Magyars claimed a great victory, and it was reported throughout Europe that the army of Jellachich was in full retreat. The fact is, however, that Jellachich, who was still awaiting reinforcements from Vienna, had wisely resolved not to risk the annihilation of his army by a premature attack on the formidably fortified heights of Buda. On the other hand, to commence the siege of Pesth, it would have been necessary to cross the Danube, and attack the city under the guns of the fortress. The whole of the Illyrian population had risen to join his standards. From Temeswar, Slavonia, and all the south-eastern comitats, these terrible volunteers were now marching, with the Greek patriarch of Carlowitz at their head, to reach the camp of the Ban. In order to effect a junction with the forces expected from the Austrian capital, Jellachich now moved westward, upon Raab and Commorn, from which he could command the Danube and the communications between Vienna and Buda.

At this juncture, Kossuth, for the first time, showed real diplomatic ability. He perceived that the combination of Austrians and Croats, once effected, would be overwhelming, and that the safety of Hungary depended on his power to prevent it. The Vienna Radicals formed only a tenth part of the constituent assembly which at that time represented the empire, minus Hungary, Croatia, Transylvania, and Lombardy. But they could

count on the co-operation of the Academic Legion: a sort of civic guard, composed partly of students, and partly of young revolutionists from all parts of the empire—Germans, Poles, Italians. Kossuth had the sagacity to see, at a glance, that the fate of Hungary must now be decided at Vienna, that he had not a moment to lose in endeavouring to impose a change of policy on the central government, and that his natural allies were the Viennese Radicals. He immediately entered into negotiations with them, and conducted those negotiations with uncommon skill, rapidity, and courage. The Poles were persuaded to identify Jellachich with their terror of Russian intrigues; the Italians, with their indignant recollection of the independence of Italy upon Italian soil; the Germans, with a reactionary despotism. At the same time the Vienna Radicals were promised the support of a powerful army, which Kossuth was to despatch to their assistance as soon as they had raised the red flag in Vienna. The Academic Legion rose to arms at the call of the forty Radicals in the assembly. Vienna was again revolutionised. The weak Bach administration was dispersed. General Latour, the minister of war, who had promised assistance to the Ban, was hanged on a lamp-post. The troops abandoned the town, which remained completely in the hands of the mob; and the Emperor, once more a fugitive, escaped to Lintz, leaving behind him this proclamation:

Schoenbrunn, 7th of October, 1848.

I have done all that a sovereign can do for the public good. I have renounced the absolute power bequeathed to me by my ancestors. Forced, in the month of May, to fly the home of my fathers, I returned to it with no other guarantee than my confidence in my people. A faction, strong in its audacity, has pushed matters to the last extremity. Pillage and murder reign at Vienna, and my minister of war has been assassinated. Trusting in God and my right, I again quit my capital in order to find elsewhere the means of succouring my oppressed subjects. Let all who love Austria and her liberties rally round their Emperor.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE position of Jellachich, deprived of the support from Vienna, on which he had been depending, and shut in between the

Magyar army on the one side, and the Austrian revolution on the other, was now perilous. The destruction of his whole force was universally considered certain. Great, therefore, was the astonishment of Europe when it was reported, immediately after the Emperor's flight, that the Ban, at the head of a compact and well-organised force, was before the walls of Vienna. He soon succeeded in effecting a junction with the forces under Prince Windisch-graetz. For, the powerful army promised by Kossuth to the Vienna Radicals existed only in his own imagination, or in theirs. In a few days Jellachich was master of the Austrian capital and master of the Austrian empire. He had only to stretch out his hand and receive from his Croats the crown they were ready and able to place upon his head. Had he then chosen to content himself, merely with the titular possession of Croatia, Sclavonia, Dalmatia, Istria, Carniola, Carinthia, and Southern Styria, he might doubtless have created on the Adriatic a new kingdom, resting, with sufficient strength, on the command of the seaports of Trieste, Zara, Fiume, Ragusa, the enthusiastic alliance of the circumjacent Servian, Bulgar, Bosniac, and Montenegrin populations, the adoration of his subjects, and his own military genius. He aimed, however, at something higher than all this, something higher and (judging by the rarity of it), more difficult. The faithful fulfilment of a promise. He had promised himself and his imperial master that he would save the ancient empire of Austria. He kept his word, and died a few years later.

We should wander too far from the subject of this memoir were we now to dwell upon the events which immediately followed the victory just recorded.

On the 30th of October, 1848, the Magyar army was defeated by Prince Windisch-graetz, on the plains of Swèchal, not far from Döbling, where Count Szechenyi was still languishing in Dr. Gôrgen's asylum.

On the 22nd of November, 1848, Prince Schwartzenberg assumed the direction of affairs, and commenced that political career with which the government of Austria was so long identified.

On the 2nd of December of the same year the Emperor Ferdinand abdicated,

and was succeeded by his young nephew the present Emperor Franz Josef.

On the 8th of January, 1849, Batthiany, who, since the fall of his cabinet, had retired from political affairs, and, confiding in his innocence, remained at Pesth, when the Magyar government removed to Debreczin, was arrested by Prince Windisch-graetz, and, on the 5th of October, he was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be hanged. During the night he attempted suicide, and his neck was so fearfully lacerated by the dagger with which he had endeavoured to destroy himself, that the next morning it was deemed expedient to shoot, instead of hang him.

On the 19th of April, 1849, Kossuth proclaimed the dethronement of the House of Hapsburg Lorraine.

On the 15th of that month (that is to say, four days previously) the young Emperor had invoked the intervention of the Russian Czar for the suppression of the Magyar revolution.

On the 11th of August (that is to say, four months later) the Hungarian general surrendered his sword to the Russian Prince Paskievitch.

On the 17th of that month Kossuth escaped into Turkey. In the month of February, 1850, he was joined, in Asia Minor, by his wife, Theresa, and shortly afterwards by his daughter and two sons: who left Hungary with the permission of the Austrian government. So ended the Hungarian tragedy of 1848.

We now return to Döbling.

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